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rick, is divided from the old city by a branch of the Shannon; it is described as containing 2,000 houses and 1,000 inhabitants, and as comprising "all the wealth and trade of the city."

"From Limerick the Shannon flows in a broad and majestic volume to the sea, bounded on either side by the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Kerry, many parts of which it fertilizes by its tributary streams; and when we contemplate the progress of this fine river from its source to the sea—whether we consider the vast body of its waters; the great extent of rich and highly cultivated country and the populous towns on its banks and its vicinity; the mountains and lowlands which adorn its margin: the extent and value of the mines of iron, lead, marble, coal and slate which abound on its shores; the immense power of its noble falls: or its crystal waters, teeming with the finest fish, we cannot but feel astonishment at the little benefit produced to the country by these many and eminent advantages, where a bounteous providence has scattered blessings with so liberal a hand, 'where nature has done so much and man so little.' The miserable and lingering trade which may be said to disgrace this noble stream is one of the many anomalous things we meet with in Ireland, and would require the investigation of those who seem so earnestly interested in the prosperity of our country.

"We would call on the statesmen, the engineers, and the wealthy capitalists of our more fortunate sister isle to come and view this part of Ireland; for we conceive that it affords advantages far beyond what is imagined by the casual and transient visitor. We would call on the gentry and landowners of this favoured spot, to look beneath, above, and around them, for they have immense wealth lying as it were, within their grasp—we would call on them and all to look to the poor peasantry who are craving for employment, while boundless riches are at hand—let them unite and work this rich mine, and we will venture to predict that a finer country will not be found on the surface of the globe."

TIM ROONY.

"See, ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread."

MERRICK.

Tim Rooney was a peasant boy from the wilds of Connamara, and left without home or kindred, he sought the "great city" to look for employment. It was a pleasant morning when for the last time he arose from his straw pallet, in the barn of a neighbouring farmer, to set out upon his journey of adventure. The village cock had sounded his shrill clarion to awake the slumber of the labourer and call him up to his daily toil, to which with a healthy frame and cheerful heart he went jocund along; but not so with poor Tim, he climbed the little eminence at the rear of the cottage, where once dwelt his happy family, but, alas! they were now no more. Famine had taken them all off, and he was the only one that remained: upon that cot his eye loved to dwell, for it brought up to his mind in bright and dark perspective, the joys of his childhood and the griefs of his manhood. As he, with farewell look, gazed on the mountain and the brook, the busy mill, and the green common, where his young footsteps often strayed, and the woody glens around that cot—his heart beat faintly, for he knew he was about bidding them an eternal farewell.

There were none, in all the cabins around, to whom he could sigh one fond adieu; all were in the damp grave whom his heart fondly loved, and the grave yard that lay in its lonely shadow was before him—hither he went.—Five grass overgrown graves lay beside him, and to gaze on these graves he found a something of a pleasurable, though melancholy delight.

There is a something that overpowers the heart as we look on the cold and silent graves of our kindred; a thousand reflections dash at once across our brain, and in the dizzy intensity of the heart's feeling nature sinks, and the tears of reflection steal, whether we will or not, from the heart's fountain into our eyes, that oracle of the heart,—

The rude son of the hamlet felt this, and he sunk silent and sad on the grave that held the mortal remains of his beloved parents.

"Thou art gone—thou art gone from me," said he, "*achorra ma chree*,* and yeess left me alone in the world. Kith or kin I have none, nor house nor home to put my foot in; augh, had yeess died of a natheril sickness twar sometin'—bud the hunger and starvation, an' the egy, brought yeess away. *Augh Dieu ith agus a Vauria*,† an' me, poor boy, wears the *suggaun*,‡ to keep away the hunger. *Augh*, shure myself left no stone unturned to get a bit for yir mouths; didn't I go seven miles every foot of the road, to the butcher's for the sheep's blood, and the nettles to give yeess; but yeess cud not live ivir and always on nawthin', a *hudgeens ma chree*;§ an' yeess went off in a han' gallop, an' me, poor *bouchal*, is goin a long ways frum yeess all, in sorra an grief, widout frind or fella in the wide world to say God speed ye, Timothy Rooney, and luck attind ye an' go in yir road."

As this desolate son of sorrow was thus pouring forth his tears and his wailing, he was aroused by a bland and soothing voice calling him by name.

"Thin, Tim, Tim, acushla, fots come overye to be in such plight so early this blessed mornin';" he turned round and beheld a female face peeping over a neighbouring head stone. He recognised one to whom his heart had once paid his sincerest devotion—ere famine with its dreadful concomitants had come into his neighbourhood, but now he looked upon that face which used to awake within his young heart emotions of the tenderest kind, with feelings cold and disinterested as they were once warm and affectionate.

"What are ye doin' Tim, *ma bouchal*," said the female? "where in the use is there to be grieved over the dead in that soort ov a way, so early in the mornin', afore the lark is out of his nest?"

"Don't make fun ov me, Peggy, ashore, in the place I'm in, for shure myself has reason for grieved, fen all belongin' to me is laid in inunther the sod."

"Shure, man alive, that won't call thim back, your ballyorin. Come and carry this pail fur me, that ye often carried afore now, whin you an' I, you know—come, come along, an' no refusin'."

"Augh, wait, Peggy darlint, till I settle the stones at the head ov the crathurs. It will be a long day afore I see the same place agin, or the face o' clay belongin' to the place. *Augh*, God Almighty's blessin' about yeess, father, an' mother, an' frins, all, fur ivir more, sweet sayv o' the world."

Here poor Tim rubbed away with the cuff of his old coat, the falling tears.

"Why, Tim, fot is now in yir head—in regard of what yir just been afthur sayin'—won't ye see thim every day ye open yer eyes," said Peggy, as they left the church yard."

"Peggy, darlint, it brakes my heart strings across to tell ye, in regard o' the old kindness between us, fot I'm bent on doin' this blessed mornin'."

"An' fot is that, Tim, jewel, might I be afthur axin' ye? Lord stan' between us an' all harm, an' keep us from an evil hour, bud ver face is not yer own, or fot it ust to be."

"I'm detarmined on doin' it, an' give us yer han' that I'll never see more, my darlint, for I can't look into yer eyes that ust to smile on me—'tis the last time we'll meet, my colleen."

"Tim, be easy now, an' don't be afthur frightnin' me wid your *raums*¶ an' rashness. Don't do nawthin' rash that wid injure yer sowl, ashore; sure some of us in this worl' must be misfortunate, we wornt all born wid silver spoons in our mouths, an' Tim, jewel, listen to the clargy."

"Augh, Peggy, the sorra a fare is an me to do any thin' out of the way wid myself; ye think me goin' to put a han' in my own death, but no—I was born and christened a christin, an' since that hour ye know I'm one of God's

* Darlings of my heart. † God and Mary be with you.

‡ Suggaun, straw rope, § Charmers of our heart, ¶ My boy, † Nonsense.

crathurs, although a poor forlorn effigy, an' couldn't dis-
pose ov myself without my poor soul being damned fur
atarnity."

"Well, Tim agra, fots come over ye that ye talk as if
ye warn't yerself—are ye goin to look for a job ov work
at the big house above?"

"No Peggy, honey, I'm not, fur bekase I widn't get
it, fur they say I'm not able to work, in regard ov me
risin' out of the egy, but my *colleen das*,* in regard of old
times, id grieves me to tell ye that I'm goin to the great
gran city of Dublin, away fram ye fur ivir and a day."

"Praise be to God, Tim, but yer out of yer sinses
clean—fen wor ye at yer duty? Augh, Tim, I fare ye
worn't under the *sogarith's*† haws' sence yer recovery. Is
it to go to that dreadful juckeen place, where the people
are a' livin' on their wits; augh, millia murder man, bud
fot ivir bit ov ciucis ye had ye've lost it in the sickness."

"No, no, Peggy, the *sorra a bolg* is an me; fots to keep
me in the cuntry—isn't all belonging to me, above in
the holla, in their long homes, an' I havn't kith or kin in
the world wide—an ivery place is all one to me—an'
there they say iviry man can get somethin' to do, in re-
gard ov work."

"Well, Tim, ye make the poor heart leap widin me at
yir quare talk; bud, any how, don't stir a foot 'till this
evenin', in regard ov ould times, an' we'll meet one ano-
ther at the ivy bush, where I've somethin' to say, an' we
can talk over mathurs."

As she spoke she crossed a stile with the pail under her
arm, to commence her morning's milking. Tim stretched
his hand over to her.

"Biddy, *avourneen*, give us the shake ov the hand, fur
I'll never see ye more;—come, darlint, an' throw the old
shoe afthur me fur luck."

"No, thin, I wont, Tim Rooney; the sorra taste ov
that same, till I see ye agin."

"Ye'll niver see me agin, dead or alive, *chora ma
chree*,‡" said Tim, as he turned sorrowfully away from the
stile.

The sombre clouds of evening were fast falling, and
the night hurrying on, long before poor Tim reached the
metropolis, jaded and tired. Wearied in body, and op-
pressed in mind, he trod his weary way; an old black-
thorn stick, that had been an heirloom in the family, his
only companion—this he held over his shoulder, and,
pendant from it, behind his back, waved to and fro, his
old brogues. "God save ye," and "God save ye kindly,"
were the only words he had spoken since he left home,
and these to the villagers as he passed along; and now
the sound of his own voice, as it left his dry and parched
throat—the very rustling of the leaves of the trees above
his head affrighted him; he looked on all as so many
indications of the dreadful tales he had heard of the
"wicked city."

It was striking eleven o'clock as he got to the suburbs.
"Augh thin, afthur all," said he, as he stood in amaze-
ment waiting for the post office clock to have done strik-
ing, "it's a good sign to hear the joy-bells on the great
clock—there's luck I hope afore me, an' here goes for the
heart o' the big city."

"How are ye, Paddy avick, where are you going?" said
a slender voice on his right, and immediately a woman
stood before him.

"Fhy thin in throth yer out in yer furst offer, honest
woman, the name's an me is not Paddy, it's Tim all over
the country."

"That same makes no mather Tim, id was the priest
that christened ye, an' not me that med the mistake, bud
where are ye bound for?"

"Might I be afther axin' ye fots the name is an ye mam
that's afthur puttin the spake upon me?"

"Then may be ye don't know, Tim, a *clouin*‡ iv yer own
from the same place, bred, born, an' reared—look at thim
purty row of lights on each side of the street."

"Augh, maybe that's fot myself hard talk ov in the
cuntry, that goes by the name ov the burnin gas. Augh
Dublin city is a terrible place entirely, it'll be apt to go a
fire some time, bud how is id at all, does the fire run out
ov the groun' into these iron candlesticks, jewel?"

"Yes, Tim, honey, have ye niver hard ov steem?—well
shure the fire goes be steem along in unthur yer feet where
ye walk."

"Och, och, Dublin—shure enough it bangs Banaher—
what curiosities—an' high houses, an' big windies. Lord
save us!"

"Come along boy, fast, an' as we met so fortunate, I'll
give ye lodgin' in my place to night."

"Augh thin, be all the knobs on a blackberry, ye
cudn't do a greater charity, fur myself is murder'd an'
kilt wid the fare downright fatague, an' there's blishters
as big as yer fist athween my toes savin yer fav'r. Any
shake down at all at all will do poor Tim. Bud is there
never a sheeben nigh han' where I cud give ye a thrait
fur yer kindness?"

"Never mind it Tim, thank ye, I won't keep ye out ov
yer bed this cowl'd night, bud yer kindness is all the same.
We're nigh han' Mary's Lane, where I've a decent place.
Its poor, avick, but any port in a storm; an' it's one story
below the pavement, but any place in Dublin ye know in
honesty, an' the rints are so high entirely, it's suppin' an'
coolin', an' the last sup the hottest with us, poor people."

Poor Tim was ushered into his lodging in a cellar in
Mary's Lane, and slept soundly; but in the morning on
drawing towards him his habiliments, he missed the best
of them all, a good frize trusty; however he dressed him-
self, and sat down at the fire in his shirt sleeves, thinking
of his coat, and at the same time listening with amaze-
ment to the cries of the hawkers as they passed. His
friend was no where to be seen. After some time he in-
quired of an old woman did she see his coat, when she
cursed him and pointed to a square piece of paper that
was fastened over the fireplace; he took it down, and a
man who had just walked in read its contents. It was a
duplicate of his coat.

"Never mind it," said the man, "it's only a caper to
take a rise out of you, you'll get your coat without any
manner of doubt. I suppose you're come to town to look
for employment, and if so, I'm your man to a tee to get
it for you if you have ever a shilling about you to pay me
for my trouble."

"Not a shillin, honest man in me possession, between
me an' death," said Tim. "Not as much as wid jingle on
a tombstone, the sorra a cross, or ye shud have it."

"Well, it's hard to make a silk purse out of a sow's
ear, I'll lend you a coat till you get your own. I wont be
ready till evening—will you come?"

"In troth an' its myself that will, frind, and many ob-
ligations to ye beside in regard ov yer kindness, an' me a
black stranger."

Night came, and with it Tim's new friend, who brought
him out to the country, and told him as he went that he
was a dairy man, and wished him to drive home to Fisher's
Lane a couple of cows. They came to the field, and Tim
readily executed the orders of his friend, who left him
when he saw the cows on the road. The unsuspecting
Tim whistled as he drove his charge along, but just as he
had made enquiries in Camden-street, from a watchman
stationed there, his way to Fisher's-lane, he felt himself
rudely grasped by the back of the neck, and turning
round, was met by the blow of a stick which felled him
to the earth.

"Get up, you scoundral of a cow-stealer," said the man
who had knocked him down.

"Augh thin, yir wrong, honest man," said Tim, strug-
gling to get up, "I'm no thief, nor never was; nobody
cud say fite was the black ov my eye."

"Yir the king's presner now; didn't you steal the cows
out of the field, you spalspeen? Newgate and the gallis
will be yir fortune my boy."

The unfortunate Tim was dragged along by two con-
stables and lodged safely in prison. The assizes came,
and poor Tim was arraigned "before God and his coun-
try, for the cow-stealing. The owner of the cattle and
his ervant proved the charge home against him, and Tim
was called on for his defence.

The artless manner in which he told his tale, and the
look of conscious innocence that overspread his weather-
beaten countenance, had a strong effect on the entire
court; and from the description he gave of the man
who urged him to the deed, which was true to the life—

* Young lass. † Priest. ‡ A distant relative.

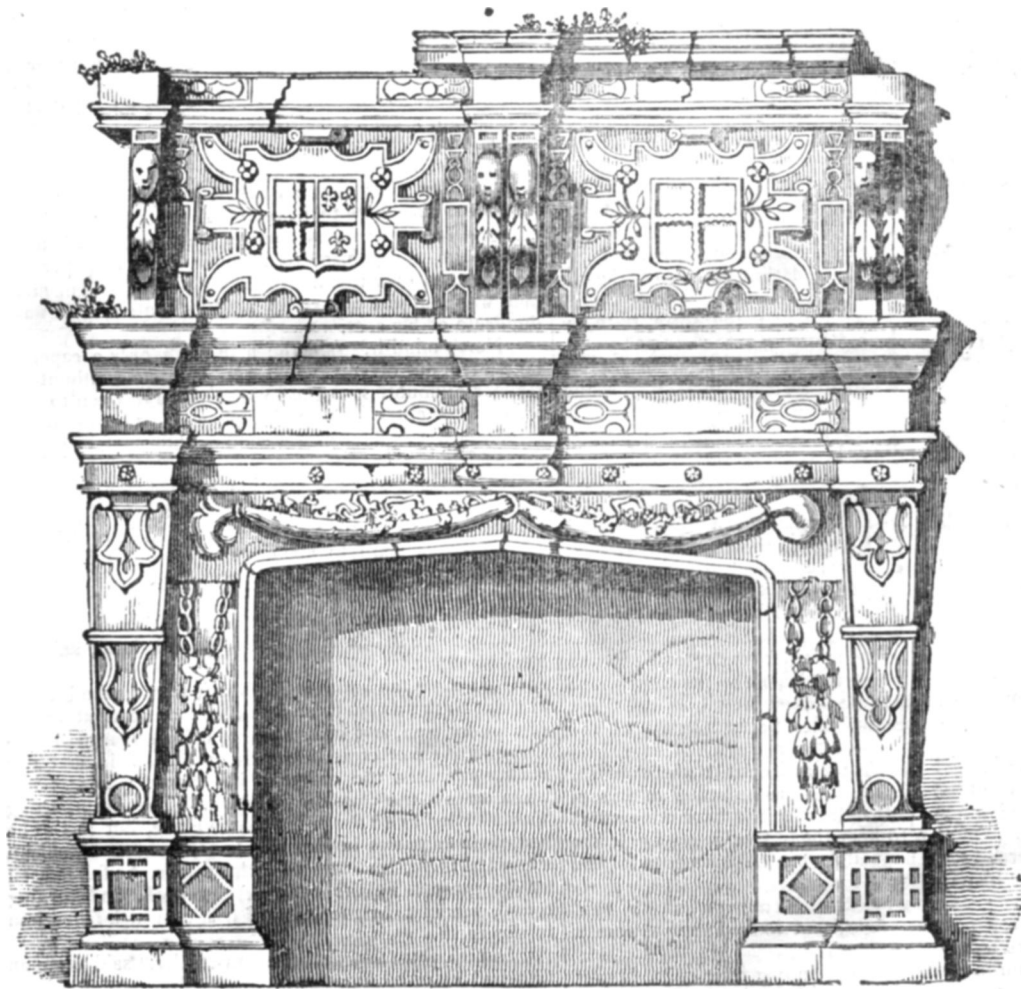
and who was in custody for another offence—he was brought forward and confronted with Tim, and his examination by an able counsel, who took Tim's part, brought a full confession of the entire transaction, when the jury at once returned a verdict of acquittal, which was hailed by a crowded court with demonstrations of the warmest feelings of pleasure; and a subscription was immediately entered into for the "poor Connaughtman," who, glad to be released from "durance vile," never, as he himself expressed it, stopped or stayed till he took his passage for Amerikey, in a ship at the time about to sail; and cautioning his poor countrymen to "mind their hits" when they would come to Dublin, and to eat a peck of salt with a man before they would trust him. He shortly after sailed for America, never to see his native land again.

MAC.

IRISH PEASANTRY.

The state of the habitations of the poor in many parts

of Ireland, is a libel on the humanity of their superiors. A fine dressed lawn, with miserable hovels on the outside, may be compared to the lace clothes and dirty linen some foreigners were accused of wearing—indeed nothing can be more contemptible and disgusting, or can reflect more discredit on the national character of the better classes, than such a contrast. The mansion house and the park want their most beautiful appendages, when filthy and unwholesome huts are substituted for clean and comfortable cabins; and *pleasure grounds* are *nicknamed*, when at every step of your progress, and at each opening of the prospect, your eyes are pained by dwellings for labourers, not half so convenient as the wigwam of the savage. Setting humanity aside, self interest should prompt such an improvement; for we can never have a hardy and effective race of labourers, while the rain penetrates the roofs under which they sleep, and their limbs, after a hard day's work, are exposed to the damp of a clay floor, saturated with water.



CHIMNEY PIECES IN DONEGAL CASTLE.

Donegal Castle was, for ages, one of the principal residences of the illustrious O'Donnells, the chiefs and princes of Tyrconnell—the *land of Connell*—from Connell, one of the most eminent of their ancestors. In the annals of the Four Masters they are called *siol na Dallagh*, i. e. *the seed of Dallagh*, from Dalagh, another of their chiefs. There was also a celebrated monastery here, in which the aforesaid Annals of the Four Masters were written, and they are sometimes called the Annals of Donegal from that circumstance.

On the fall of that family, in the reign of King James the First, and the attainder of the celebrated Red Hugh O'Donnell, (of whom an interesting account is given in

Sir W. Betham's *Antiquarian Researches**) and of Rory, Earl of Tyrconnell, their immense possessions were sequestered as forfeited to the crown, and granted to English and Scottish settlers, who are the ancestors of the present possessors of these estates.

This castle was granted by patent, dated 16th November, 1610, to Captain Basil Brooke, for twenty-one years, if he should live so long, with one hundred acres of land, the fishings, customs, and duties, extending along the river from the castle to the sea. Captain Brooke

* We purpose giving this story in our next number.